

THE GRAND HAVEN NEWS.

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THE GRAND HAVEN NEWS.
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BY J. & J. W. BARNES.

TERMS:—ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.
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(First door above the Post-Office.)
Grand Haven, Ottawa Co., Michigan.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Time.	1 day	2 day	3 day	4 day	1 week	1 month	1 year
1 wk.	50	1 00	1 50	2 00	2 50	5 00	10 00
2 wks.	75	1 50	2 25	3 00	3 75	6 50	12 00
3 wks.	1 00	2 00	3 00	4 00	5 00	7 50	14 00
1 mo.	1 25	2 50	3 75	5 00	6 25	10 00	15 00
2 mo.	2 00	4 00	6 00	8 00	10 00	15 00	20 00
3 mo.	2 50	5 00	7 50	10 00	12 50	20 00	25 00
6 mo.	4 00	8 00	12 00	16 00	20 00	30 00	40 00
1 year.	5 00	10 00	15 00	20 00	25 00	40 00	50 00

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All kinds of Book, Card, Post-Bill, Catalogue or Fancy Printing done on short notice, and at reasonable rates. Blankets of all kinds, printed to order, with neatness and despatch.
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CONCENTRATED POTASH!
At twenty-five cents per Can, which, with a half dozen pounds of grease, you can make fifteen gallons of Good Soap. Sold at GRIFFIN'S Drugstore.
April, 25, '63 (2181)

Get a Sewing Machine!

Whoever intends to purchase a good Family Sewing Machine, of any kind, will do well to call at the News Office. We can furnish them at all times upon the most advantageous terms.
Proprietors of the News.

HOW MANY?

The family is like a book—
The children are the leaves—
The parents are the cover, that
Protective beauty gives.

At first, the pages of the book
Are blank and purely fair—
But time soon writeth memories,
And painteth pictures there.

Love is the little golden clasp
That bindeth up the trust;
Oh, break it not! lest all the leaves
Should scatter and be lost.

SUBSCRIBING vs. BORROWING.

BY SARAH J. EDDY.

"Did you get anything at the office?" was the question with which Mrs. Edwards met her husband, as he came to supper.

"Did you expect anything?" and he looked tensely into his wife's expectant face.

"Yes, my magazine, it comes about this time in the month. You have it, I know!" and she made an unceremonious swoop at the coat pocket, a little too plethoric not to contain something, but her husband caught her hand and held her back.

"Now, Gates, it's too bad in you too tense me so, when you know I'm dying to see it." Mrs. Edwards, like many other people, was "dying daily," but never dead. "I've been waiting for a whole month to hear from poor 'Madeline.'—Do give it to me Gates!" becoming half frantic again.

"Well, Mary, get supper and I'll cut the leaves for you" and taking the buff magazine from his pocket, he began the operation; and by the time it was completed, and ready, for the hand that quivered to receive it, the coffee was poured, and the neat supper for the two upon the table.

"Are you going to dispense with supper?" and Gates Edwards looked into the absorbed, animated face of his wife, as she bent over the inverted plate, swiftly glancing over the fresh pages.

"Yes; until I read 'Out in the World.' Shall I read it aloud, or have you kept all the links in the chain?"

"I believe I have," he replied, looking down at the carpet, as though the last chapter had terminated there; he was too discreet a husband to deny any recollection of the preceding chapter of a tale in which, at the present moment, his wife's interests centered; and too kind and sympathetic not to double her enjoyment of the narrative by sharing it with her.

"Let's see," he said musingly, "'Madeline was at the Springs!'"

"Yes, yes," hastily interrupted Mary, "but don't you remember I left very suddenly, after meeting Mr. Jansen?"

"Oh, yes! I do remember now!" a light breaking into his eyes, "Yes I remember!" taking up his coffee cup, and Mary began the new chapter, and was about half through, when an emphatic rap disturbed them.

"Oh, dear! it's too bad!" and Mr. Edwards made a motion to rise.

"I'll go to the door," said her amiable husband.

"Has Mrs. Edwards' magazine come yet?" she heard the well known voice of a little boy enquire.

"It came this evening but she has not read it," she heard her husband reply; and closing the door he returned to the dining-room.

"Mrs. White sent for your magazine, Mary," a twinkle in his eye.

"Oh, I knew the voice, the moment I heard it. There'll be no rest now until she has it. She'll send over again in the morning, before I have time to finish it. It's too bad!"

"Don't you like to accommodate your neighbors?" asked Mr. Edwards with a quizzing smile.

"Yes, as well as any one; but I do not like to be forced into lending my magazine before I have read it myself; and that by one as well able to take it as I am. She has read every number of the 'Home' for the last three years, as regular as I have received them, but when I ask her to join a club, she always has an excuse. I wonder what she would think if I should send after her shoes for a day or two twelve times a year?" Mr. Edwards smiled.

"You are severe, Mary, upon poor Mrs. White; but I saw you sending it to Annie Hale and Mrs. Dursay."

"Different cases entirely! both are particular friends of mine, and to both I am indebted for reading matter, and farther,

they don't demand it as a right and a matter of course."

"There's the rub I think," laughed the husband.

"Indeed, Gates," she continued, looking serious, "it seems to me that few people look at magazine borrowing in its true light. They seem to think one that has been read of little value, except to lend. Now I am willing to lend my books; but it does grieve me to have a parcel of magazines come home, after a long absence, perhaps with some numbers missing, half the covers torn off, the engravings loose, or out, or the steel engravings painted, as one came back; and worse than all, some numbers lost each year; thus spoiling a continued story; and when, as is often the case, I take all the numbers to look for a recipe, or an embroidery, or braiding pattern, I must turn over a half a dozen leaves of each, instead of glancing in a moment over the index, upon the cover, which has been torn off. I wanted so much to have them bound; but so much lending has not left me a complete year's for five years!"

"It is too bad, Mary! why don't you induce your borrowing friends to subscribe?"

"Why don't I? that's the question. Because people have such strange views about reading matter. They will pay liberally for dress, household furniture, and supply their table richly; but they think it nonsense to spend a couple of dollars for something to read; and although they would be shocked at a lady who should borrow the shoes she wears to church, twelve times a year, will themselves commit as great an absurdity by borrowing every month our neighbor's magazine."

"You are about right, Mary," replied her husband, "and if you only can induce a few of your borrowing acquaintances to subscribe for 'Arthur,' perhaps at the end of 1864 you will have one year complete to bind."—*Arthur's Home Magazine.*

FROM IDAHO.—The last Denver News has a letter from Virginia City, Idaho, dated March 10th, which is later than anything yet published. The correspondent says:
Business is dull. The mines are only expenses. The cause is the unsettled state of the weather. A few were sluicing, and others were drifting, but the expense of digging the dust is so great in winter that but little is realized above expenses. When money is taken out, every one is flush and business goes merrily on. But when expenses amount to as much as the actual sum taken out, it is the reverse; therefore the cause of the tightness of the times.

Flour was selling at \$32 to \$42 per cwt; meal, \$40; hams, 60cts; butter, \$1 10; candles, \$1 25; salt, 90cts. per lb; whiskey is plenty.

HOW WIDE IS LAKE MICHIGAN?—It is now ascertained by observations made for the longitude of Grand Haven, by officers of the United States Lake Survey, by the American or telegraphic method, compared with those made in this city, with the Transit Instrument of Messrs. Matson & Loomis, by the moon culmination, that the greatest width of Lake Michigan is eighty-four miles, and not one hundred as stated by the Chicago Canal Convention; nor one hundred and nine, as represented on a recently published map of Illinois. For this we have the authority of Dr. A. I. Lapham, of this city, which will be accepted as unquestionable.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

The Michigan petroleum, lately discovered, has been analyzed and found to be of a superior quality. It has less odor than the crude Pennsylvania oils, and will yield 20 per cent more of the refined article. Its specific gravity is 40° to 47°.

Albion petroleum is easily demoralized, and when refined, makes a clear white oil that burns freely, and is entirely non-explosive. It yields but little naphtha, and stands a fire test of 150°.

The monthly pay-rolls of the factories in Manchester, N. H., amount to \$125,000, or a million and a half dollars a year. Previous to the war the sums paid were hardly two thirds of this amount. The business of the town has been doubled in six years.

An old man said, "When I was young I was poor; when I was old I became rich; but in each condition I found disappointment. When the faculties for enjoyment were here I had not the means; when the means came, the faculties were gone."

AN INCIDENT.—David Dodd, writing from Evansville to the Missouri Democrat says:

To-day I noticed a little occurrence, which, in itself, to be sure, does not amount to much, but I will put it in this letter any way. As we rolled out of Evansville I noticed a veteran standing on the platform looking intently at a cluster of houses just at the edge of town, and as we both gazed I saw what was the matter. His little wife was at the window bidding her soldier a last goodbye (perhaps forever) while she, woman-like, was kissing her hand to him as fervently as she knew how, never taking her eyes off from him till we were quite out of sight. Just then I saw him trying to get a cinder out of his eye, apparently, and although he managed it pretty well he could not deceive me, for I saw big manly tears go chasing each other down his bronzed cheek as ever fell from the eyes of a woman.

Well, thus "returning" bears with it, or seems to bear with it, more weight than merely "going" at the first call.—Poor heart! beating there at the window alone, may your life be made happy by his return once more to you, and when he comes back this time, God grant that it may be indeed with this cruel war all over.

ETERNITY.—Eternity has no gray hairs. The flowers fade; the heart withers; the man grows old and dies; the world lies down in the sepulchre of ages, but time writes no wrinkles of eternity. Eternity! Stupendous thought! The over-present, unborn, undecaying and undying—the endless chain composing the life of God—the golden thread, entwining the destinies of the universe. Earth has its beauties, but time shrouds them for the grave; its honors are but the sunshine of an hour; its palaces, they are but the gilded sepulchre; its pleasures, they are but as bursting bubbles. Not so in the untiring home. In the dwelling of the Almighty can come no footsteps of decay. Its way will know no darkening—eternal splendor forbids the approach of night.

A CURIOUS CASE.—A curious case of hydrophobia transpired a day or two since in Bedford, which will be of interest to scientific men who have given their attention to that disease. A Mrs. Hubbell, living in Bedford, was, about six months ago, bitten by a mad dog. She has suffered no perceptible injury from the bite, but her baby, which was about four months old at the time of the accident, sickened and died recently, giving unmistakable evidences of hydrophobia. During its sickness it bit its grandmother and one or two other persons. It is evident that the babe imbibed the malignant virus at its mother's breast, and it seems mysterious that the mother herself has not yet been attacked by the disease.—*Cleveland Leader.*

The Lansing salt well is now believed to be, beyond peradventure, a complete success. They have just got the tubing down—about 1,300 feet—and the brine rises nearly to the surface, 80 per cent strong. The salt bearing rock is penetrated over a hundred feet, and a failure in the supply is deemed almost impossible. The works for manufacturing salt, will be at once erected.

Our present naval force is divided into nine squadrons, as follows: The North Atlantic, the South Atlantic, the East Gulf, the West Gulf, the Mississippi, the Special West India, the Pacific, the East India and Mediterranean, and the Potomac Flotilla. Seven vessels of the navy are detached and assigned to special service.

DURING a search at a house in Gloucester, Mass., for goods stolen during a recent fire, a ready-made coffin was found with the top knocked off, and rockers upon the bottom, making a serviceable cradle, in which a babe was comfortably snoozing.

"WHERE are you going?" asked a little boy of another, who had slipped down on the icy pavement. "Going to get up!" was the blunt reply.

A NEW ZEALAND chief maintained that he had a good title to his land, because he had eaten its former owner.

ARGUMENT is like an arrow from a cross-bow, which has equal force though shot by a child.

Early Sheep Shearing—Washing.

No real lover of his flock drives his sheep to the washing without a feeling akin to remorse. He would not do it were it not that he believes that the market demands wool washed on the back. Though it is true that washed wools sell more readily, yet in times like these where any and all wools are quickly taken up, an opportunity for reform is offered which ought not to be overlooked. Sheep which are to be washed ought to be sheared before settled warm weather. In many seasons this will not come before the last of June. They are then in much less danger of taking cold and receiving permanent injury. They ought to be washed only in water which is so warm that the washers do not find it uncomfortable to stand in it with the sheep. The shock to the flock, of the immersion in cold water and being subsequently exposed to raw winds, followed by being reduced to a state of absolute nakedness, is sufficient cause to account for "snuffles," and prevalent lung difficulties. The rule in regard to washing is to wash as little as possible, but even this involves the necessity of thoroughly wetting the entire fleece. It is a great object to have the sheep sheared as early as they can be, and fully a month may be gained if they are shorn without washing. The fleece starts better, the sheep seem actually benefited, weakly ones often brighten up and do well, and all are in much better condition to bear the autumnal storms which often come before the flocks are sufficiently clad to bear the change well. Contagious diseases are not unfrequently communicated by farmers using the same washing pens with their neighbors, which may be avoidable.

If the sheep be shorn unwashed, particular care should be taken to have them all well tagged, and dirt removed which is not too thoroughly incorporated with the fleece. The discount of one-third in price for unwashed wool is not fair, yet the farmer may well submit to it for the advantage his flock gains, if it be a valuable one, knowing that like other abuses it will be corrected by time. Sheep should be shorn on smooth, clean floors, by careful, humane, quick, experienced men. The cleanliness of the floor, the removal of dung and straw brought in upon the feet, are important.—*Am. Agriculturist, May.*

WHEN TO PLANT CORN.—Field corn planted early in May has usually to be re-planted once or twice. This makes much unnecessary labor, for that planted some weeks later, usually ripens at nearly the same time. If the seed does not rot in the ground, the poor little yellow blades are frost-bitten, and their shriveled ends pine for the hot sun. Those plants that survive the chills and rains of May, are not so healthy, or well prepared to take advantage of the warm weather when it comes, as that planted in the proper season, which in the latitude of most of New England, New York and westward is after the middle of May in almost all seasons; and often it is not best to plant before the first of June. No fault is more surely repented of than too early planting of corn. If well soaked, and placed in a warm soil, corn is very soon above ground, and a few warm days place it beyond fear of harm from cutworms, white grub, wire worms or crows—whereas that planted early in the month must do battle with all these for several weeks, if it survive the dampness and the frosts.—*Am. Agriculturist, May.*

A NATURAL CURIOSITY.—A natural curiosity which completely puzzles naturalists and geologists, is now in possession of Isaac S. Josephi, the wholesale jeweler, on Washington street, San Francisco. It is an irregular hexagonal quartz crystal, about one inch in diameter and two in length, pointed at one end and broken squarely off at the base like a miniature mountain, and occupying about half the entire length of the stone is a mass of beautifully crystallized gold, silver and copper, each actually distinctly defined, and all embedded in the stone—which is as clear as glass—in exactly the style of the flowers and other objects in a glass paper-weight. This curious specimen of the handiwork of nature, when in an eccentric tone of mind, was found by a miner at Gold Gulch, Calaveras county, some four years ago, and has been carried round in his pocket ever since, until some two months ago, when it was purchased by the superintendent of a copper mine, and sent to the present possessor as a curiosity. Geologists who have examined it declare that nothing of the kind has ever been aimed at declaring